Joe called us Thursday evening that he was in town. We went down to see him Firday about 10:30 a.m. We talked about many things, and then we were invited up to his hotel room to see some picture. There he told us he wanted to tell us more about an incident he had only mentioned - whispered - to Frank on the phone, the evening before. As far as Frank could make out he had said that he "rode in one." (Saucers being our main topic anyway, there was no mistaking what he had ridden in) So he started telling us and I will try and put down the events as chronologically correct as I can, beginning where he ended, since it rather belongs there.

Joe had gotten a message to get to the hotel and from there beyond two men would contact him. on nothing was said. Well he checked in at the hotel app 4:30 pm the following day, didn't notify anyone of his arrival, pending further orders, and went to the bar for a drink. While sitting there two men came up to him, showed an insignia (something like the footprints of the soles of the spaceman Adamski had met in November in the desert) and asked he had been waiting for them and would he please go with them. He was glad to. One was about 5ft 9, the other a little shorter. One about 50 years old, our age, the other younger. They all three got into a car (rented in Banning) and drove out into the hills between Beaumont and Banning, back of the towns. There was a saucer. He was invited in. A man was there repairing something on the saucer. There was a round bowl-like kind of equipment into which he put a rought piece of metal, pulled a switch, and after a while it came out shining, polished and it was put in

where needed. Joe asked if he could take some metal that was discarded. They said No, but he was allowed to pick up some of the slag which he showed us.

Then they took off. The saucer was not big- maybe 35 ft (?) and there was two seats on which two of the men - pilots - sat, in front of the instrument board. Joe and the other fellow stood. ~~After a short while they~~ Joe didn't realize they were moving at all. The aperture had been closed and there was a hum around them, but otherwise there was no feeling of any action whatsoever. After a short while he was asked to look down - and he realized that the little cup-like center in the bottom of the saucer is transparent - and apparently acts like the newest kind of binoculars we have in Korea now which can look 20 miles and even at night time, looking through them they can see as if it were daylight (check with Peter) - and there below him he saw his home. He was amazed to realize they had been up in the air, and identified his home which they apparently asked him if it were. ~~[illegible]~~.

Then they took off. After a very short while again they seemed to land somewhere and then gradually slid down a ramp. It seems they landed on top of a mother cigar shaped ship. A door opened upward and the saucer in which Joe was, slid down the ramp where it slid into two metallic arms - like in a dock - where it rested and was suspended ?. A man on board the mother ship attached a clamp to the edge of the saucer. That was to recharge the saucer. It seems they do not go on their own power, but have to be recharged in the mother ship, and therefore cannot go too long and far away. The recharging took 7 minutes. While the saucer was being recharged Joe was invited into a biggish room with instruments everywhere. There were two ~~men~~ women and about 6 men there, though Joe could hear others talk in other compartments - or rooms. They were

dressed in brown suits bound tight around the ankles, wrist and neck. And a big brown belt of the same material. The material seemed of plastic like consistency, though woolen surfacing, though shimmering slightly (?) It was explained that they were space suits and if Joe were going into space with them he would have to don one too, to resist the pressures or lack of it in space. Their hair ~~xxx~~ was combed longish (shoulder length ?) (Was it wavy?) the same on the women as the men. Joe suddenly thought to himself of how thirsty he was, and how wonderful it would be if he could have some water. Right away one of them went over to a table, picked up a cup, which had been stacked, collapsed on a pile with others, and from a container in the wall drew some water. The cup looked as if it were made of the same kind of material as the clothes (but it must have been stiffer) and the same color. The water tasted different than ours, but wonderful.

At that time the seven minutes recharge ~~xxxxx~~ was finished and they climbed into the saucer. There was space for 5 saucers in this mother ship, but none came in or left while Joe was there.

They left by the same system of ramps as on arrival, except they again slid <u>down</u> a ramp and came out through an openining opening outward through the bottom of the ship. (This all confirms the pictures that George Adamski took around Jan 1951)

When they landed again they took the car back to the hotel. The two men went up with Joe and talked and talked to about 4:30 a.m.

It was explained that we have an atomic layer outside of our atmosphere and that saucers only can make about 6 trips/in and out (?) through this layer. By then they have picked up enough radioactivity that it has to go ~~into other fields or~~ to be treated. Their human lives are about 400 years and are mortal, marry and multiply during most

of that time. When asked if that wouldn't overpopulate the planet they explained that new planets are always popping up where they can move to. The saucers are made for our atmosphere only. When Joe asked ~~him~~ them about details in Frank's book like the saucer grounded near Durango, they readily answered. Joe wanted to know if when our scientists bombarded saucer with cosmic ray what did that do to it. They said that the saucer was incapacitated, but that the men were alive until our scientists started with the cosmic ray bombardment, which killed them.

DATE JULY 24, 1952
TIME 11:30 A.M.

GENERAL INFORMATION

REPORTER MRS. J. JUNGKURTH

LOCATION SAN FRANCISCO

NUMBER OF OBJECTS 1

MANUEVER DESCRIBED SEVERAL TIGHT FAST CIRCLES THEN STRAIGHT LEVEL FLIGHT THEN ALTERNATED BETWEEN CIRCLES & STRAIGHT LEVEL FLIGHT

FLIGHT CHARACTERISTICS - CIRCLES WERE ACCOMPLISHED SEVERAL TO A SECOND

FLIGHT FORMATION

COLOR BRILLIANT METALLIC

FORM circular to SEGMENT OF CIRCLE, THUS: ○ ⌓

SPECIFIC INFORMATION

FIRST OBSERVATION APPR. 11:30 AM
time
max. dimension in degrees ABOUT ½ WINGSPAN OF B-36 FLYING IN SAME GENERAL DIRECTION @ 10000 FT.
azimuth 350°. APPROX.
elevation 50° APPROX

FLIGHT PATTERN TORTUOUS WEST TO EAST LEVEL FLIGHT AS DESCRIBED ABOVE UNDER "MANUEVER"

LAST OBSERVATION
TIME APPROX. 11:30 AM + 15 seconds
max. dimension in degrees
azimuth 20° - APPROX.
elevation 50° APPROX

NOTES

OFFICIAL COMMENT

REF.

April 3 and 4, 1951

On Sunday, April 1, Frank was supposed to make a speech at the UCLA Newman Club. Si called during the afternoon and wanted to go too. Si and Sharon had been over the evening before and he had talked much about Dr Gee's delay in getting over here. He was just about ready to leave his lab when a man driving down the street got en epileptic fit in his car and the car drove right into Dr. Gee's lab window which was an enormous window, not of glass but of Pearlite. The window therefore didn't break but buckled and all the metal frame with it, and Dr Gee couldn't leave until he got that fixed up.

Si also talked about it soon starting the rainy season in Arkansas and they were planning to get in there to see about the cigar shaped saucer before the thaws happened. Now this is a thing he told us about as long as close to 6 months ago. A pilot by the name of Adams was flying in Arkansas testing out a new instrument perfected by the Norden Bomb Sight which is much more effective than Radar, in that it penetrates even the heaviest fog. With the aid of his instrument he saw a ship in trouble over the forests in Arkansas and witnessed a forced crash landing of a cigarshaped object. Apparently no living people survived. Anyway there was apparently no activity after the landing. He made note of the exact location,as it was completely hidden by trees from the air, to go back there at a later date when the conditions seemed more favorable He discussed it with Dr. Gee and Si heard it from him, and they are getting set to go and explore it and hopefully get it out of there and donate it maybe to some university in Colorado.

Well, just after Si had called about the Newman Club meeting and had been told Frank would go on about 8:30 p.m. - they had asked us out for dinner, but we were already at table - Father Jarrett, the head of the Newman Club asking Frank to be sure to be there by 8 because the harpist who was to have her numbers opening the meeting would not be able to get there till later.

July 25, 1952

One day last fall we got a telephone call from Monrofia. (?) A young solider from George Air Force wanted to come over and talk with Frank. We made a date for the next afternoon.

The young man arrived. His name was Joseph Dees, the eldest of a big family in Texas. He had been chauffeur to the Colonel (?) (I have it somewhere at home) in Alaska. He explained that flying saucers came over Alaska many times. Then he laid out the way three landing strips are laid out there. They are many miles away from each other, but geographically they would form the letter H with the top points xxxxx further away than the bottom points. In other words the two vertical lines slanting together southward. He had seen flying saucers come over, and knew when they were coming. When I asked him how he knew he said he couldn't say, but he knew. And they would come over these different strips alternately. He had made quite a lot of observations and written them all down in notebooks. One day during inspection one of the officers came across his 7 notebooks, asked what they were, and on being told took them with him. He was called for, and sent to psycho observations for days on end. Before all this happened he had applied (or been told, don't know which with enlisted men) for transfer and had been granted a transfer to George Air Base in Calif. The transfer came through in very short order after his notes were discovered. He was due for a discharge soon and would then get in touch with us again. We made no effort to get in touch with him since then, much because the ways by which he found xus were quite suspicious, and mostly because the kid was still so jumpy from his experience that either it was breaking him up, or he was planting a story for some ulterior use and wasn't a very good actor.

April 3.

After all the flue and cold epidemic that had floored first Skip, Then Moreen then Mamma and then Mae, and finally Daddy, we decided to take a day or so in Palm Springs

We tried calling Si back but he apparently had called from a gas station we found out later, we tried calling different restaurants that he would likely go to, but were unsuccessful. Frank started his speech at 5 or 10 minutes past 8, finished 20 minutes later, and Si and Sharon arrived 5 minutes after that. Franks speech was very well received Meanwhile we asked Si and Sharon to come for dinner Tuesday evening, corned beef hash, which he spends $ 2,00 for at the Brown Derby, and they accepted provided he would be in town. By Monday evening Frank was dying, Egypt, dying, to go to Palm Springs, and we decided to go if Si had gone out of town. About 9 we tried telephoning Si who'se phone was constantly busy, and finally got him about 10 and he was going to stay in town, Dr. Gee still had not been able to get away from his lab window. So we stayed and went on a visit for tea over to Gerald Heard instead, a thing that he has asked us for for a long time and we have threatened to do, but never did get around to. There were two ladies there and a young man and Mr. Heard and they were expecting us with a fire in the fireplace and most delicious tea.

He told about a young man, a radio operator on some South African ship . . . Mowrer, who had been on a plane when they flew alongside a cigar shaped space ship. The crew and passengers all saw this and this radio operator happened to have a movie camera and film and took extensive pictures of it. In all it hovered around their plane for 17 minutes. The young man sent the film to Johannesburg to be developed, and when he got it back they were all delighted, it was wonderful pictures. So he took the first boat - which was not his own - to America and was landing that day and Mr. Heard had his correspondants meet him. We were all hoping he had left a print somewhere else in the world, in case this would be confiscated. And he told the rather amazing story of the aasassination of Alexander of Serbia being recorded on a newsreel and was very descriptive in telling about Alexander coming out from a good

meal and patting his fat stomach and taking out his watch from the vest pocket to look at the time and decided he had plenty, and saying to us that those who see the pictures know he has 20 minutes to live, but he doesn't, and it makes it seem so very strange. There was a fight between the different guards and finally some of them ~~through~~ threw their hands up and said they would leave the guarding to the others, and all he could see was one man clop-clopping down the street with a sword looking rather aimless. Well it turned out that when the assassin actually did shoot Alexander full of lead the man on horse with his sword was close by, and felled the assassin with one swoop and killed him outright. Alexander however lived, but an artery was severed and a tourniquet was put on the wrong point so it didn't help and the streets were blocked because of the excitement and they didn't get him to a hospital in time and he died. The report goes also that the cameraman was killed within minutes and another man continued the work. They did some handiwork to keep on to the film and printed 5 copies in Marseilles and four copies were confiscated, but one got out. And he was musing if anything was worth that much danger and courage.

He also told about a ahaplain during the war who lives near him, a Mr. Gilbert who had one day driven over Topanga Pass with a friend, both of whom had been trained that they better identify a plane in 7 seconds or get killed, and had had tremendous experience in aircraft identification. They stopped near a hot dog stand on the top where there is a telescope where they drop 10 cents in and can take a look at the valley. Anyway to cut the story short they saw a cigarshaped thing. One hurried to the car to get a very fine set of binoculars, the other hurriedly put 10 cents in the telescope, one asked the other?"What do you see?" The other, not wanting to be rash or be criticized for mass hallucinations said he had the sensation of seeing an object which

has been commonly been described as a flying saucer."

Incidentally, the African story was very cute in that he had gotten clippings from Africa, from correspondants he has there, and has also gotten close interviews with different people. But in the mail the day before we got a letter from a student at Amherst, Lemeyer who told he has an uncle in the air force, a general no less, who believes in flying saucers and who had mailed him a clipping from the Paris Herald Tribune describing the same incident.

April 5 1951

Frank was asked to appear on television today. Well it was arranged quite a while ago, but today was the day. It is a program just started last Monday with Jeanne Gray, a beautiful blonde - with brains. She asked Frank questions and saw demonstrated the hows and why of flying saucers. It came out beautifully.

On coming home Ann Grevler called. She is a newspaper woman for the Australian press, a quite young and very beautiful woman who had been up here to interview Frank before. This time she told that she also was a medium of some kind and that last Tuesday there had been a sceance here in Hollywood and she wanted Frank to know that he's correct in his ideas on Fxlying Saucers. They are real, they are from another planet. The people do not talk much, because they are way beyond that and communicate by thoughts. They will come and land here. They are worried about the atomic explosions we have and terrified that we are playing around with them as destructive weapons. The group that were present all signed the statement as correct that they got. And she invited Frank to be present at some later seance.

NOTES ABOUT APRIL 9, 1951

We started the day early today by calling Si at 8:30 a.m. to ask if he and Sharon would want to pick today to go down to Mt. Palomar to visit Prof George Adamski and see his latest pictures on space ships that he had written us a letter about. The smog was thick and heavy here in Hollywood and I got to coughing, trying to throw it off, so we figured maybe a day of sun and fresh air in the country would help. Si said No, but called back at 10 that it worked out and he would be by at 11 to pick us up. We tried to get hold of Professor Adamski on the phone, but found he had none. Finally called Ivan Courtright's mother in Venice to see if she knew if Adamski had a phone, and she too said she didn't think so. Meanwhile she started talking about Ivan and that she was holding him back from coming up here more often because she didn't want him to to outwear his welcome and I assured her that we really did enjoy him, and to let him come, and he would just have to take us as we come, a rough and tumble family. He seemingly loved it. So we agreed he was to feel free to drop in every now and then which mostly falls on the evening of an amateur astronomical society ~~meeting~~ which ~~is~~ meets at the Griffith Park Observatory near here. The Courtrights ~~They~~ had been up to San Francisco over Easter and Ivan ~~he~~ had been to Lick Observatory and he felt he had a lot of things to ~~Fran~~ tell Frank.

Si came on the dot 11 and we then went by his place to pick up Sharon and then we drove down the coast to Laguna where we stopped at Laguna Hotel in the dining room overlooking - nearly overhanging the ocean. It took 55 minutes for our order to come through, and we had a nice time, and then went on to Mt. Palomar where happily we found Adamski home. It was a drive of 150 miles. He introduced us to the three women who work there, the hostess Miss McGinnis (?)

who doubles as his secretary and ~~maix~~ edits his writings, the other lady who does the serving and Alice Welch who does the cooking. All very fine ladies, far above average of what you might find in a roadside cafe. Everything about it was way above. We were offered drinks. Frank and the Prof took bock beer, Si had coffee and Sharon and I a delicious glass of buttermilk each. And Miss McGinnis came with an envelope of photographs - the reason for our going down there, as ~~he~~ the Prof had asked us to come and see them. Si had in a meeting at our house between Christmas and New Years said to look out ~~for~~ something unusual to happen on January 17. The magnetic engineers had found that around the 17th of January there would be a tremendous magnetic upheaval around California. Dick Williams of the Mirror had printed the story, and many, many people called up to ask "What happened?" Well, on the surface it was just another day in our town. But within the octave around the 17th was a lot of magnetic disturbance that especially fliers found. One plane - private - flying over Bakersfield on their way back to San Francisco found that all their instruments went haywire and decided it was too risky to go on under such conditions - the worst they had had in 35 years of flying ~~[illegible]~~ and landed at Bakersfield and stayed overnight. There were several bad crackups too, and Si who had been in the air at the time told how he and even the stewardesses had to be strapped in, which is rare, for the whole trip from SF to LA in a DC6, which is a mighty steady plane.

Well, Professor Adamski had taken some pictures at the time and found three saucers, first quite far away, then another exposure coming closer and with a light at the end of their seeming exhaust trail, which it really isn't, it is just because they move so fast that it looks like one as it flashes over the film exposure.

Professor Adamski then showed us some photographs of space ships that looked like cigars. On one of the pictures there were app 7 smaller luminous discs around and in front of it. On the other - which had a white background there were two in front. The first exposure had a dark background, and both taken within minutes, or maybe even seconds apart from each other. They were taken around 10:30 a.m. and we wanted to know why the difference in background. He explained there was a lot of clouds ~~that~~ the day ~~and~~ this cigar-shaped flying saucer - or let's rather call it a spaceship - came into his range. ~~was oneg~~ One picture was snapped in front of a white cloud, the other ~~time~~ in front of a dark cloud. Sharon who doesn't believe in flying saucers asked why it happened that always the cigarshaped ones were caught sideways. Why not straight from the front. Prof Adamski immediately got up and got a picture with 7 of them from the front. It looked like a picture of 7 flashlights staring straight at you. In fact I believe that during that hour we were poring over the pictures Sharon's disbelief was shaken to the foundation. Then we saw another of the new pictures, a picture of two luminouse cigarshaped space ships over the moon, casting luminous shadows on the moon, another of a cigarshaped one and several discs, luminous that come out in the photograph as big blobs of light, but in the center a little black thin streak, which is the ship itself.

After that we went outside to look at the telescope before it got too dark. It was already too late to go up to Mt Palomar observatory itself as it closed at 4:30. But we went to look at the prof's 7 inch telescope. He has another, a 15 inch one in a small dome. The 7 inch one is just wrapped up in a black cloth as it stands there mounted on a base right in the open. The surrounding country side is beautiful, back of the place is the tree covered mountain under the big observatory, the place itself is laying

under some magnificent tremendous big oak trees. Across the valley to the south are some rolling green hills ~~with~~ dotted with oak trees that look like uneven dots of candlewick. The hills are really the proportions of mountains. In the telescope we saw some trees about 6 miles away and could even see the leaves on them, just about. Then he showed us the mountains to the top and pointed out two big bumps. They were approximately one mile apart. From that one big bump to the other was the landmarkings he had taken when a space ship flew over there one day in 1946. That was before spaceships ~~were~~ even ~~thought of~~ got into the news dispatches. So we asked him if had seen many at one time. He told of when there was a meteoric shower in 1946 he had gotten word from the observatory to count spaceships if any, and he counted 183. He and lots of people with him at his cafe. On the other side of the hill and on top they had counted 204. This too was before Kenneth Arnold came out with his observations. We asked him when was it that he saw his first space ship. He told of how he had seen one as far back as 1939 but didn't know what it was. He asked the observatory and astronomers all over and nobody knew what they were. That was exactly 8 years before anything about saucers became ~~slightly~~ public knowledge.

~~Now.~~ Once about six months ago ~~several times~~ they ~~have~~ noticed a bright light. This happened several times after the first display. The whole neighborhood lit up with a whitish light, light enough that indoors they could see the leaves on the plant in the room, outdoors that they could read. It lasted from 2 to 5 minutes. I asked if it were something like the magnesium flares that planes would drop and they said no, because ~~they~~ flares were bluish - like the daylight light bulbs and came down like a parachute and seemingly had a center point, which these didn't have. Prof. notified the Navy who checked into it and have no answer.

He also told about how a young flier stationed in Hawaii came up one day with his wife and baby and told how their plane was accompanied all the way from Hawaii to the mainland by one flying saucer.

~~Hisxnephewxthexnewp~~ The nephew of Prof Adamski flew from Europe to America about six months ago and they were accompanied all the way by three flying saucers. I wonder if they had been in trouble if the saucers would have been willing, and able, to help them in any way. The flier from Hawaii told how they had tried several times to come nearer the saucer - even so they saw their heads in the portholes - but that it seemed impossible for them to do so. Prof Adamski thought that might be they had a magnetic repellent ~~which~~ or shield which kept the curious at bay. This seemed a ~~satisfying~~ satisfactory answer to the flier.

~~They~~ Si, Frank and the Prof discussed astronomy, mathematics, to a degree, religion, and science. Si took out a brass (looking) capsule and tied it to a string and hung it over a piece of meteor that the Professor had. It started swinging clockwise. Then he held it to his solar plexis and it started swinging ~~xxxxxxxx~~ counter-clockwise. Then free swinging it circled clockwise again. I would have liked to do a Fresco on that one and tried swinging it from a stick hanging between two chairs.

Prof Adamski started out to become a priest, but astronomy interested him so much all his life that he switched very ~~fxx~~ soon.

Notes April 9   INSERT.

On our way from Laguna to Mt. Palomar we passed by St. Luis Rey Mission. Years ago, about three to four years ago Si had gone there and for fun he had used his geological doodlebug to see if he could locate a hidden treasure which supposedly the padres at xx the old mission had buried when they were being attacked. He had told us he had found it and would one day tell the padres about it. The Padres in charge being our special friends, it was hard for me to remain loyal and say nothing. At St. Louis Rey he pulled the car to a stop and looked in the back for his equipment. As he climbed through a fence I asked if I might go along, and he preferred that I would remain where I was. But I did look, and then went over to the car to talk with Frank and Sharon. After a while Si called me. I ran over, and he started a new experiment from another position to doublecehck on his origginal test. He pointed out - I took visual landmarks - and told me 120 feet in that direction, in an areas of 15 feet by 30 the cache is hidden. It is 12 foot under the ground and is three feet deep. I thought he said there was $200,000 of silver and gold, but my head was so swimming with trying to remember all the numbers that I might be wrong . As he got in the car he said there was $20,000 worth of silver there. So I guess my original extra naught was purely a wish. After all, anything over $150 is so fabulous to me I completely lose the value and can pin naughts on as well as take them off without flicking an eye.

Sharon wanted to know why he didn't go and dig it up. I reminded her it was private property. So they then figured he might tell the padres where to find it for 50per cent of it. And meanwhile I feel disloyal not to tell them, disloyal to the other part if I do. What a dilemma.

April 11, 1950

As we were finishing dinner with an unexpected guest, a friend of Skip's who had bought and read Frank's book and wanted to ask some questiones, in walked Ivan Courtright. He was on his way to the astronomical society meeting at Griffith Park Observatory. He told us how in San Francisco he had been allowed to look through the 37 inch refractor telescope, the next to the largest in the world, and was even allowed to turn it around and look, and that is an honor so great and so rare that even fellow astronomers don't always get the privilege. He also was shown everything by the chief astronomers at Mt Lick Observatory.

He met a girl, Polly, who works at the Science Academy and got some news. One was that a Dr. Adair, a dentist saw what he described as a submarine with lights on flying in the air over Los Altos. His office address is San Francisco Phelan Building, Market Street, San Francisco.

Another girl, Carline Navs of 115 Commonwealth Aven, San Francisco, (address to be checked for accuracy) had been on a hiking trip with her father and a sports cartoonist from a San Francisco paper in either Idaho, Washington or Oregon. They walked through a wood and suddenly came upon an opening and saw an airfield so big that they could hardly see the building on the other end. As soon as they approached, a car with a siren came screaming at them and ordered them off but fast. How, they would like to know, did the guards know they were there? "Radar of course," says I who have listened to Jack Fresco. Meanwhile what was on the field was most interesting. It wasn't planes. It was queer, strange air craft, more like saucers. The men's uniforms were not ordinary either. More like ~~guard~~ uniforms. But the size of the airfield and the saucer shape of the ship were what most amazed them.

June 23, 1951, Mrs. Roberts called in the morning. Explained she had read the book, wanted to tell Frank that despite all the scoffing etc that had gone on about the book, she loved it and defeinitely believed in it. Was going to write to him via the publishers, but postponed it and then when she was talking to Dikk Williams he suggested she call Frank and tell him how she enjoyed it, and that he works for Variety, so she called them who gave her the number. She has a 16 power telescope which she says isn't very strong, but she enjoys it. She sounds like a wonderful gal.
She saw a ballon, illuminated from within, travelling from north to south. To be sure that it no confusion she telephoned the wheather bureau to ask (or was it the navy or army?) if they had released a weather ballonn, and they said they had not, and if they had it would not be travelling in that direction at all (I guess that means against the wind). It was a little while ago, and she sent the information in all detail to P. DeWitt Miller (whose book we have APS) At times walking her dogs in the early morning before leaving for work she has seen a green globe travelling from south to north. She has tried to figure if it could be the mail helicopter, but that has come an hour later, so it couldn't have been that. And the planes have alternately green and red lights and then a white light on the tail section, and this one is just a steady green light. Asked if there were a censorship on flying saucer stories because she hadn't seen any reports for a long time except one report of 'crystal balls' over Minnesota lately, and none since then. Asked also if there would be any means if the saucers tried to communicate that they would be able to communicate with the right peaple like Mr. Scully, who would believe them.
We talked a long time and she sounds like a magnificent woman. Her son in Kodiak, Alaska, with the Navy, for 18 months still to go.

She doesn't understand canasta players, and most of the world is too earthbound, and why don't people look up more, and to her, too, there seems great hope and widening of vision in flying saucers from other planets.

Works 5 days a week, and is out much after that too, but when she is home can be reached at Cl-6-1907. Address: 6226 Hillandale Dr. Los Angeles 42 (Or is it Glendale 42)?

Also asked about Prof Adamski. Said Dick Williams had had two photographers look at his plates, and declared they were phoney. I assured her we definitely believed he was and is a sincere man, and a wonderful person at that.